drinke, to breake the pate of thee, I am a very villaine; come and be hang'd, haſt no faith in thee:

*Enter Gads-hill.*

*Gads-hill.* Good-morrow *Carriers*, What's a clocke?

*Car.* I thinke it be two a clocke.

*Gad.* I prethee lend me thy Lantherne, to ſee my Gelding in the Stable.

1. *Car.* Nay by God ſoft; I know a tricke worth two of that I faith.

*Gad.* I prethee lend me thine.

2. *Car.* I, when, canſt tell? Lend me thy Lanterne (quoth he) Marry Ile ſee thee hanged firſt.

*Gad.* Sirra *Carrier*, What time do you meane to come to *London*.

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a Candle, I warrant thee. Come neighbor *Muges*, weele call vp the Gentlemen, they will along with company, for they haue great charge.

*Enter Chamberlaine.* *Exeunt.*

*Gad.* What ho, *Chamberlaine*.

*Cham.* At hand quoth Picke-purſe.

*Gad.* That's euen as faire, as at hand qd. the *Chamber-lain*, for thou varieſt no more from picking of purſes, then giuing direction doth from labouring: thou layeſt the plot how.

*Cham.* Good morrow Maſter *Gads-hill*, it holds currãt that I told you yeſter night, there's a *Franklin* in the wild of *Kent*, hath broght three hundred Marks with him in Gold, I heard him tell it to one of his company laſt night at ſupper, a kind of Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too, God knowes what, they are vp already, and call for Egges & Butter: they will away preſently.

*Gad.* Sirra, if they meet not with Saint *Nicholas Clarkes*, Ile giue thee this necke.

*Cham.* No, Ile none of it; I prethee keepe that for the Hangman, for I know thou worſhipeſt Saint *Nicholas*, as truely as a man of falſhood may.

*Gad.* What talkeſt thou to me of the Hangman? if I hang, ile make a fat paire of gallowes: for if I hang, old ſir *John* hãgs with me, & thou knowes he is no ſtarueling: tut, there are o-

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ther Troians that thou dream'ſt not of, the which for ſport ſake are content to do the profeſſion ſome grace, that would (if matters ſhould be lookt into) for their credit ſake, make all whole: I am ioyned with no foot-land rakers, no long-ſtaffe ſixpenny ſtrikers, none of theſe mad muſtachio purple hewd malt-worms, but with nobility & tranquility. Burgomaſters and great Oneyers, ſuch as can hold in ſuch as will ſtrike ſooner then ſpeak, & ſpeake ſooner then drinke, & drinke ſooner then pray; and yet (Zounds) I lie, for they pray continually to their ſaint the common-wealth, or rather not pray to her, but prey on her, for they ride vp & downe on her, and make her their bootes.

*Cham.* What the Common-wealth their Bootes? will ſhe hold out Water in foule way?

*Gad.* She will, ſhe will, Iuſtice hath liquord her: we ſteale as in a Caſtle, cockeſure; wee haue the receit of Ferneſeed, wee walke inuiſible.

*Cham.* Nay, by my faith, I thinke you are more beholding to the night then to Ferneſeed, for your walking inuiſible.

*Gad.* Giue me thy hand, thou ſhalt haue a ſhare in our purchaſe, as I am a true man.

*Cham.* Nay, rather let me haue it, as you are a falſe theefe.

*Gad.* Go to, *homo* is a cõmon name to all men: bid the *Oſtler* bring my Gelding out of the ſtable; farewel ye muddy knaue.

*Enter Prince, Poynes, and Peto, &c.*

*Poines.* Come ſhelter, ſhelter, I haue remooued *Falſtaffes* Horſe, and he frets like a gum'd veluet.

*Prince.* Stand cloſe. *Enter Falſtaffe.*

*Falſ.* *Poines, Poines*, and be hangd *Poines*.

*Prince.* Peace ye fat kidneyd raſcall, what a brawling doeſt thou keepe?

*Falſ.* What *Poines, Hal*?

*Prince.* He is walkt vp to the top of the hill, Ile go ſeek him.

*Falſ.* I am accurſt to rob in that theeues company, the raſcal hath remoued my horſe, and tyed them I know not where, if I trauel but 4. foot by the ſquire further a foot, I ſhall breake my wind: Well, I doubt not but to die a faire death for all this, if I ſcape hanging for killing that rogue, I haue forſworn his company hourely any time this 22. year, and yet I am be-

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